

Franklin: "Tis Foolish to Lay Out Money In a Purchase of Repentance." Buy Savings Stamps!

# The Acorn

Hit Them Hard, Hit Them Fast, Win the Peace and Make It Last! BUY WAR BONDS!

"Big Oaks From Little Acorns Grow"

"The Child Is Father of the Man"

Vol. I

Worcester State Teachers College, Worcester, Mass., Friday, April 16, 1943

No. 4

## A BOOK . . .



Perhaps your book brought this smile!

### Book Drive a Success

The Victory Book Campaign proved true to its name and S.T.C. can be proud of the books submitted. Such favorites as *Oliver Twist*, *Short Stories from the New Yorker*, and *For Whom the Bell Tolls* were submitted. Books on humor, war, history, and even the classics saw their way into the splendid collection.

Yes, S.T.C., your response was good, and what's more we know the Boys will enjoy reading your books!

## Pan-American On April 16th At STCollege

Remember the flash of color, the fiery music, and the Dinkle Doodle Salesman? It was Pan American Day, '42, and how Dr. Shaw's geography students brought Latin American to S.T.C.! Such a program couldn't go without an encore, and on April 16th, 1943, there will be a repeat performance and celebration of Pan American Day. (Ed. note—The actual date of Pan American Day is April 14. Uncontrollable circumstances prevented the Geography Club from presenting it on that day.)

The Geography Club is collaborating with the Art, Music, and Literature Departments for the presentation of the program. The General Chairman is Jeanne Boyden and she will be assisted by Anne McAuliffe, Isabelle Sandstrom, and Aldonna Lapinskas.

The program will consist of the following:

"How the Americas Are Cooperating in Winning the War"—Aldonna Lapinskas; Latin American Vegetation Pictures made by the Senior Elementaries explained by Helen Grogan; Latin American Music—Dorothy Bell, Anne McAuliffe, and Isabelle Sandstrom; Latin American

## . . . AND GAL



Betty Holm poses with her subject, Private Wendell Richardson of Fort Riley, Kansas.

### My Heart Leaps Up

My Heart leaps up when I behold An ensign passing by. I love the way his buttons shine, I'd love to hold his hand in mine. I want one ere I am grown old He's my idea of Ideal man, And boy! I wish that I could be Upon his ship when he's at sea.

## Seniors Plan New York Trip

On April 16, a group of enthusiastic seniors will leave Union Station for their very much anticipated trip to New York City. They have made reservations at the Hotel Taft and have outlined a most interesting schedule. On Friday night the group will attend the play, "Kiss and Tell"; on Saturday morning, Shopping; Saturday afternoon, the Ballet Russe; Saturday night, "Dough Girls"; Sunday afternoon, the Easter Pageant at Radio City and dinner at Caruso's; on Monday, a trip on a Fifth Avenue bus and a little sight seeing; Monday night, dinner and the play, "Lady in the Dark"; and then the midnight train back home . . . to rest and write long papers!

The following seniors chaperoned by Miss Foster will go on the trip: Margaret Ackley, Jeanne Boyden, Jean Campbell, Elizabeth Driscoll, Isabelle Dunn, Mary Fleming, Helen Grogan, Sarah Hadley, Margaret Horan, Elizabeth Lenk, Agrippina Macewicz, Mary McAuliffe, Anne McAuliffe, Barbara McNamara, Rosemary Robert, Eva Salviuolo, Isabelle Sandstrom, Ruth Small, Kathryn Stafford, and Frances Sullivan.

Poetry—Choral Speaking—Senior Elementaries; "Sky Dancers of Papalantla—Mexico"—an exciting film.

## Welcome!

PRES. CLINTON E. CARPENTER

The alumni of the W.S.T.C. have done many kind things for our school. As one evidence of our appreciation, we are sending to each of our three thousand graduates, this issue of our college paper, THE ACORN. From its pages you will get a glimpse of some of the activities going on and of some of the events scheduled for the near future. We hope that this publishing of an alumni number of THE ACORN may continue with the years. We invite you to send us news items of yourself and your work.

These are difficult times for everybody. Many things must be curtailed for the duration. We hope, however, that groups of graduates who wish to do so will feel free to use any part of our building for meetings. You are always welcome. We also want you to know that each graduate has a "standing invitation" to every activity which takes place here.

You have made it possible for two students annually to attend our school, through your scholarships. The Russell alumni group has been a daily source of inspiration and joy at our assemblies. For these and many other kindnesses we again say, "Thank you."

We look forward with confident anticipation to your reunion which we hope will take place soon. We trust that it may be the best get-together yet. We hope the classes will plan reunions for the morning and join together for a happy social time at the college in the afternoon.

### MILITARY MUTTERINGS

BY BARBARA STEWART, '44

"In Dr. Farnsworth's class we studied the philosophy of 'carpe diem' (enjoy the day); and this is very true concerning the days in the service. We prefer to let the present take care of itself but the past is something entirely different. We make new friends, see new things of interest; but one thing is true. All these new things could never take the place of the old if we should travel for years and see every known thing on the face of the earth."—Bob Fox.

"New Year's was not so pleasant in comparison with Christmas. It was at the time of Darlan's assassination, remember? Well, we were in a state of alert so that many of us could not even be off from invitations we had received. The restaurant owners tore their hair out, for they had cooked special dinners for those crazy, rich Americans. The little Arab boys are still doing a great business begging for chocolate, chewin' gum, and bon-bons."—Leo Charbonneau.

(Continued Page 4)

## ANNUAL SCHOLARSHIP TEA TO BE HELD MAY 1ST

Esther Forbes, Worcester's Outstanding Literary Figure, To Be Honored by State Teachers' College at School Gymnasium

By DR. LAWRENCE A. AVERILL

### TO BE GUEST OF HONOR



ESTHER FORBES

It is a pleasure to inform the alumnae that the now annual Scholarship Tea will be held in the College Gymnasium on May Day, from 3:00 to 5:00 in the afternoon. For a number of years all of us at the College have been grateful to the Graduates' Association for the annual scholarships which it has made available to deserving students. You can never know how much your generosity has meant, and is meaning, to those in the student body who have been so fortunate as to be awarded these magnificent grants. It is difficult to imagine any nobler use of money than in helping promising adolescents to secure an education. Benefactors of youth, indeed, have our loyal alumnae been in providing many a young woman with financial assistance up the educational pathway.

Following your example, we at the College inaugurated three new scholarships last year, financing them through the income derived from a Scholarship Tea, held in May. These scholarships were (1) the Nancy Burncoat Scholarship for Freshmen; (2) the William B. Aspinwall Scholarship for Freshmen; and (3) the M. Harriette Bishop Scholarship for Freshmen. Liberal gifts received from many friends of the College last year made it possible for us to set up these three scholarships, which will, of course, be awarded every year hereafter to deserving freshmen. Each one of them will be henceforth seventy-five dollars, and will be an outright grant to the recipient.

This year, we are adding another scholarship for freshmen: the Esther Forbes Scholarship. Miss Forbes captivated us all at chapel earlier this

year with her intimate account of her work in literature. Author of "Paul Revere and the World He Lived In," Miss Forbes is Worcester's outstanding literary figure as well as one of the leading writers in America today. Graciously, she has permitted us to do her honor at our Scholarship Tea, and to perpetuate her name at the College in the new *Esther Forbes Scholarship for Freshmen*.

Already we are receiving generous subscriptions to the Tea, both from old friends and from new. It can be safely asserted that the new scholarship is already assured financially for the current year, if we may judge by the volume of gifts and of ticket reservations already pouring in. This year's Tea gives promise of surpassing last year's, gratifying as that was to us all.

Of course, we want as many of you as can possibly come on May 1st to be present for the great day! An intriguing program has been arranged, following the reception and tea. Miss Forbes will speak informally. Our own Miss Annabel Roe, formerly of the English Department, will present one of her scintillating book reviews, discussing "Paul Revere and the World He Lived In." We have invited Mrs. Frances A. Blanchard, Women's Clubs Editor of the *Boston Herald* and one of our outstanding S.T.C. alumna, to represent the Graduates in bringing greetings to the assembly. And to climax a happy afternoon, members of the College Dramatic Club, under the superb direction of Miss Kathryn R. O'Donnell, of the English Department, will present the playlet "Once Upon a Midnight" based upon the early life of Paul Revere and written by one of our seniors, Miss Esther Lipnick.

This is a broadcast to all the Alumnae of W.N.S. and of S.T.C. to save the date—May 1st—and spend the afternoon with us. Mr. Francis L. Jones, of the College, is chairman of tickets, and orders for tickets may be addressed to him. You will want to meet Miss Forbes, and she will want to meet you and feel the warm spirit that activates us all who are now or have been in the past connected with the old school!

Among the pourers will be your own President Miss Madelin A. Wilmarth, Mrs. William B. Aspinwall, Mrs. Clinton E. Carpenter, and Miss Marion Emerson. A live-wire committee under the capable direction of Miss G. Eleanor Shaw of the Art Department has charge of decorations for the Gymnasium.



## THE ACORN

(Issued monthly by students of W. S. T. C.)

Esther Lipnick, '43..... Editor-in-Chief  
 Christine Flynn, '43..... Associate Editor  
 Ruth McCurn, '43..... Literary Editor  
 Eleanor Looney, '44..... Columnist  
 Barbara Cypher, '44..... Columnist  
 Marion Harrington, '44..... Club Editor  
 Betty Holm, '45..... Art Editor  
 Virginia Sheehan, '45..... Business Manager  
 Ruth Monahan, '43..... Reporter  
 Barbara Stewart, '44..... Reporter  
 Eleanor Kelliher, '45..... Reporter  
 Ann Brady, '46..... Reporter  
 Katharine Kane, '45..... Reporter

Faculty Adviser, Miss Kathryn R. O'Donnell



## MEAT SUBSTITUTE AMONG MEAT SUBSTITUTES

A great sage once said that within every problem were the seeds of its solution. Our latest puzzler is what to use in place of meat, and the Soy Circle herewith offers its solution, a simple recipe in the preparation of the soy bean.

The soy bean is said today to have more uses than any other known plant. Yet, until recently, United States farmers grew it only occasionally as a rotation crop which put nitrates back into the soil, and was useful at the same time for forage. The discovery of the many other uses of the soy bean was the work of chemists and food specialists, though much of what they found out scientifically had been learned long ago by practical experience in the Orient, the native home of the plant.

Soy beans contain all the vitamins, especially "B", and twice as much protein and fat as beef. They are almost free of starch and sugar, and so can be fed to diabetics. They produce a milk more digestible than cow's milk. Other food products made from soy beans are coffee substitutes, cheese, macaroni, pancake flour, sausage filler, lard and butter substitutes, salad and cooking oil, and soy bean sauce or *soyau*. The pulp or cake, called soy-bean meal, is a good fertilizer.

In industry, soy-bean oil has become a rival of cottonseed oil and linseed oil. It is used in paints, varnishes, enamels, soap, linoleum, and printing ink. The protein from the soy bean resembles casein from cow's milk, and is used in paints, paper sizing, glue, and waterproofing for textiles. This protein, combined with formaldehyde yields plastics for making automobile parts, notably gearshift knobs, window strips, and push buttons. Henry Ford was a pioneer in developing the industrial uses of the soy bean.

The scientific name of the soy bean is *Soja max*. It is two to four feet tall, with branching stems and three-parted leaves. The small lilac-colored flowers mature into pods containing from two to five beans. Stems, leaves, and pods are covered with stiff reddish hairs. Manchuria is the chief source of soy beans in the Orient. The beans provide the protein otherwise lacking in the meatless diet of the poorer people of Japan and China. Hundreds of varieties are cultivated.

The United States, into which the plants were introduced in 1804, cultivates about 60 varieties. The soy bean has become one of the nation's leading cash crops, with the Middle West as the producing area. The Department of Agriculture, Washington, provides extensive literature on the soy bean, upon request. Some varieties of the edible soy bean are grown very successfully in Massachusetts. In fact a fine crop was gathered last fall on the Tremblay farm in Dudley.

Do you remember how you learned to like olives, a distinctly acquired taste, wasn't it? You may encounter the same emotional conflict when you attempt soy beans, but we urge you to persevere until you really crave them. They are excellent for all types of humanity, building strength and the feeling of well being in the underweight, and producing a satisfied feeling in the overweight. In other words they are not acid producing, and do not lead to overeating, or to that false hunger that brings on overeating.

Here is the recipe at last, one that was experimented upon for some time and, to the Soy Circle, quite the most satisfactory yet. We share it with you.

Take one cup of soy beans, wash well, place in deep bowl. Pour on scalding water to cover well, cover bowl tightly, and let soak overnight. When ready for use, pour water into a jar for future use (preferably within 24 hours, and kept in the ice box), pass the soy beans through the food grinder. Place the ground beans in a sauce pan, cover with fresh water and boil gently for one-half hour. You may then use them as vegetable, seasoning with salt and butter, or you may add them to soup stock, either fresh or canned, adding to the soup also the water in which the beans remained overnight.

The purpose of keeping the soaking water until the soup is ready for final heating and serving, is that this water contains valuable minerals and vitamins, and cooking would destroy them. Remember, gently cooking, low heat. These beans are very precious in their food content, and must be cooked gently to retain all their best properties. When you once learn to eat these beans, you will continue, we feel sure, and you can easily develop your own recipes.

Just one more fact—soy beans require an eight-point stamp per pound.

## Vision

BY CELESTINE TERROY, '45

The night was bright and starry,  
 The moon shone full and bold  
 As if it beamed on a peaceful world—  
 But no—tales of tortures were told;  
 Your ship lay in anchor  
 So frightening, fearless, and gray,  
 You stood there with your comrades,  
 My heart was heavy—you were going away.

You did not see me  
 As you climbed aboard,  
 For you knew not I was there—  
 I had come without a word.  
 The moments seemed an eternity  
 As your ship left shore,—  
 The whistles, the noise, the people  
 Seemed not as they were before.  
 You were going—going—going—  
 I suddenly wanted to scream,  
 Your ship was now in the distance.  
 —And the moon continued to beam.

## Orchids . . . .

To President Carpenter from the ACORN Staff—for his encouraging remarks regarding our work. . . . It's such stimulating words that make us strive for bigger and better issues.

To the alumni for our beautiful organ.

To Private Fred Kelley for graduating second in his class in Photography. . . . Keep it up, Instructor Kelley.

To Miss O'Donnell . . . for making us laugh, the purpose of her Assembly program.

To Peg Horai and the Assembly Committee in general for the splendid assemblies we've had.

To the donors of blood plasma for the Blood Banks.

To the donors of books in the Victory Book Campaign . . . and the books look interesting, too.

To Miss McKellett for the revival choral reading. . . . We like it. . . . Let's have more.

None to those two Boston teachers who refused to join because it was a legal holiday. . . . Such "patriots" belong in Berlin, not Boston.

To Leo Charonneau for being promoted to Sta Sergeant . . . in the wilds of Africa.

To Martha Ruin and Betty Kennedy for selling stamps and bonds so cheerfully every Friday noon. They are doing their part. Are you doing yours?

To Miss Fost for her continuous success in plating girls in happy apprenticeship situations.

To Major Dixon and his Ma-

rines! . . . The Major's first-hand account brought the real war home to us.

To Mr. Jones and Miss Kendrick for their extra teaching at Massachusetts School of Art and Framingham S.T.C. respectively to help in the emergency.

To all those who are helping to make the Author's Tea a success.

To Miss Webber and Miss James for cooperating so willingly with our newspaper staff.

## SEEDLINGS . . .

Well, spring is here, kids. Better fasten your safety belts or we're liable to have trouble with attendance—besides, if you're not here, you might miss something, for example, the Junior Class wedding which will be solemnized (more or less) any day now. We'll give you a hint, the *bride's* a 'marine!!!—We nominate for our "Some People Are Never Satisfied Department" Venice who after having received a lift uptown from Vinnie Howe was heard to exclaim, "Oh heck, now I'll have to spend a dime to get home. I forgot to get a transfer."—Far be it from us to complain, but we're beginning to think that the army has a grudge against us. First John's furlough was postponed, then Boo's was canceled and now Paul writes that he might just possibly be home about July or August. We are wiring to the C.O. to promise that if we can borrow the kids for just a day or two, we'll see that they are returned in reasonably good condition.

sonally. (What a lovely thought!)—Everyone of us has a certain opinion of his own individuality but few are as candid about it as Peg Sullivan. The other day we were discussing the contention that telling the Santa Claus story to children obscures the meaning of Christmas. Peg was stating in no uncertain terms that she personally had believed in Santa Claus when she was small but had never lost sight of the true meaning of Christmas. Dr. Averill interposed gently, "But, Miss Sullivan, wouldn't you say that you are one-in-a-million?" And Peg went on composedly, "Well, yes, I suppose I am!"—If there is one thing we dislike it's catty people, but it does seem more than a little suspicious when "Penelope" Maloney comes to school with straight hair one day and curls the next. What's more, whenever Dr. Farnsworth talks about Louis Bregou, Penelope nods understandingly.—We must confess, we were afraid that we'd lose touch with the elementaries now that they are out teaching, but it isn't so. The Breakfast Club is an established institution, as is the Alumnae and Undergraduate Discussion and Study Group, which meets every afternoon at a local Bookstore(?).—If you're looking for a man with imagination, you might ask Grace about her famous composition which begins, "One day Magna Charta went out hunting with his father." Or if you like straight unadulterated "stuff" we recommend a pal of Boo's. (Name and address on request.) But for sheer intellectual pleasure remember the Junior Assembly which is now in the process of construction. The

trouble is that we get only a little way through rehearsal when the cast is so overcome with the beauty, the emotional fire, the intense honesty of the story that we never have reached the second act.—Now we know you will excuse us if we use this space for a little personal correspondence:

Dear Mr. Goldwyn:

We are sure you are making a wise decision. The ensemble is exceptionally talented and the routine is absolutely unique. There are two girls hiding behind two others who are facing. The lyrics run, "I see you, I see you, tra-la-la-la-la-la." At the proper moment the hidden girls peep out and when their glances meet the entire ensemble faints because the sight is so horrible. Of course, we won't be able to come until June because we are absolutely essential here, but be patient, Mr. Goldwyn. Remember, as the French say, "C'est la guerre."

FLORA AND FAUNA

1700

Worcester, Culture as Usual

1843

BY CHRISTINE FLYNN

There are tides in the cultural affairs of men,—the ebb tide, coming in April, usually sees the finish of concerts, lectures, exhibitions, and such indoor diversions. The incoming tide brings high interest in nature, in the ground work that promises beautiful summer flowers and bountiful autumn crops.

Just so the Worcester Art Museum closed its series of Sunday Afternoon Musicales with the concert of the Harvard Glee Club, April 11, 3 p. m. This concert is one of the highlights of the season.

The exhibition of Twentieth Century Portraits will continue through Sunday, April 18.

All programs are open to the public.

The Natural History Museum, State Street, continues its exhibitions of the art, literature, music, and folk customs of foreign lands for several weeks to come.

Gardening will be of paramount importance this year and the Worcester Natural History Museum has scheduled expert instruction in the fields of horticulture and bee keeping. The following courses began March 23, and will continue for ten weeks. Even if you missed the opening lectures, join as soon as possible in an opportunity to obtain such vital instruction, for now and forever. You know that vine cottage you envision? Make your dream come true by learning how.

The courses:

Tuesday, 7:30 p.m., *Herb Gardens and How to Plant Them*, by Ben Charles Harris.

Tuesday, 7:30 p.m., *Flowers and Flower Growing*, Lecturer to be announced.

Tuesday, 7:30 p.m., *Bee Keeping*, by Eugene Trainor.

Wednesday, 7:30 p.m., *Victory Gardens*, by Eugene O. Parsons. Ten lessons.

## Bushong Studio

Class Photographers

1939-1943



## CONFUCIUS SAID - -

The great Master once said, "Amongst any trio I find a teacher." The importance of anyone in this profession has changed through the ages. Confucius considered it an eminent one, so did Socrates. At one time, however, the teacher was something not unlike the churchmouse, a necessary evil. There were the days in early colonial history when the master of the birch rod rode from house to house to be fed. Then there was someone who said, "Those who can, do; those who can't, teach." Many people believe that—(they have never tried to teach!).

Today, however, teaching holds its own and its importance, its significance, its worth is comparable to the two greatest professions, Medicine and the Ministry.

The importance of Education, needless to say, is recognized by any intelligent man and woman, but the importance of the man who transmits learning, the teacher, was never probably realized until today. The absence of many teachers due to the war, the confusion into which many schools have been thrown because of this shortage has brought to the attention of the public the necessity of teachers and the need for more of them.

Before the war it was, "Oh, you poor thing, you're going to be a teacher!" Or, "Going into teaching! Why, you'll never get a job." Today it's, "You're going to be a teacher. That's swell. We need teachers." We smile again and remember former remarks.

Necessity has been called the mother of many things. Add to it another child, the recognition of the worth of a teacher. "O tempera, o mores!"

## Teacher Shortage

MISS VERNA WHITE

That there is a teacher shortage is no longer a debated question. Willard Givens, Executive Secretary of the N.E.A. says, "The serious shortage of teachers anticipated a year ago is now an actuality." Whereas in the beginning this situation was felt mainly in the rural sections because the cities were draining those areas, now the city school systems are getting to the end of their substitute lists. The facts and figures given in the following excerpts present the universalness and seriousness of this situation more impressively than any general statements that could be made.

"One of the most acute and little-publicized shortages in this period of scarcity of rubber, oil, and food is the diminishing number of school teachers."—*N. Y. Herald-Tribune*, Apr. 4, 1943.

The N.E.A. predicts a shortage of 50,000 teachers in the United States next fall.—N.E.A. Research Dept.

"In Illinois 1,000 rural schools have closed."—*Time*, Jan. 4.

"Here in Mass. 2,500 teachers will be needed in Sept. and less than 500 possible replacements will be coming from the teachers' colleges of the state."—*Boston Globe*, Mar. 23.

"Registration in teachers colleges throughout the country indicate a 34% decline in student personnel, according to a study of the American Ass'n of Teachers Colleges."

In Maine enrollments in the normal schools have dropped more than 52% since 1938.—*Teacher Education Journal*, Mar. 1943.

It is not the province of this article to discuss the many factors operating to cause this shortage nor to evaluate the many emergency devices employed by local boards to solve the problem; its chief aim is to point out the long-range implications of this critical state of affairs.

Today the birthrate in the country is the highest of all times. This means that in five or six years there will be a flood of pupils in the first and second grades. Because of the

low depression years' birthrate of the last decade the personnel and facilities for the primary grades have been cut to the minimum. It will be impossible to build up overnight a corps of teachers to meet the expansion which is inevitable, in addition to filling in the depleted ranks. The teachers for these years must be recruited and be in the process of training now.

Another critical problem which is presenting itself and will continue to face the country through the war years is the greatly increased rate of juvenile delinquency. There are many factors which have induced this situation. Absence of parents from the home, caused by service in the armed forces and work in the defense factories, has lessened the supervision of the children. Community organizations and social agencies, designed to give the children wholesome forms of recreation, have been curtailed to make way for the immediate war effort. Dim-out regulations have afforded opportunities for misdemeanors of all kinds. The general trend toward evasion of ration restrictions by adults has had its repercussions upon the youth of the country. If, to add to all this the schools must be closed because of lack of teaching personnel, the situation will be greatly aggravated.

"Here is a problem," says the editor of the *Worcester Telegram*, which should be of serious concern, not only to the school authorities immediately concerned with personnel replacements, but to those post-war planners who are concerned with the future fate of the country. In spite of the present day emphasis on learning how to shoot a gun or drive a jeep, fundamental education in the three R's will continue to be necessary if all our dreams of a better world are to be realized."

## DO YOUR PROTEGES ASPIRE TO TEACH?

Have you any young friends who might choose teaching for a career? We shall be very happy to send you catalogues of courses of study offered at S.T.C., or if you prefer to send us their names and addresses we shall forward copies to them.

## This Is Our First

This is the first year that a newspaper has been published at S.T.C.

This is the first time that an Alumni Page has appeared in the issue, but we hope to have it make a repeat performance yearly. We solicit your contributions to make it a success. If you have any alumni notes you'd like printed, won't you send them along to us?

## Welcome!

Every one of us has said upon receipt of a particularly valuable gift, "Oh, isn't there something I can do to repay you?" and felt very much indebted when the answer was "No". But we do have something to offer the graduates who have been so generous to us. These offerings are not very much; but if you will accept them, we shall feel a little less selfish.

We like to have you come to see us. You may come to our Glee Club concerts, Dramatic Club plays, and intercollegiate debates. You are welcome to attend our daily and special assemblies. If you are near the school at lunch time, we particularly urge you to use our cafeteria. You will find delicious home-cooked food at reasonable prices and in pleasant surroundings. Perhaps you belong to a professional organization which would like to hold a meeting in our building. In the past year we have been host to such groups as the Worcester County Superintendents' Association, the Elementary School Principals, the

Massachusetts Mental Hygiene Association, and several Parent-Teacher groups as well. Avail yourself of one or all of these opportunities. We'll be waiting for you.

*Lunch with us! The cafeteria at W.S.T.C., always sunny, always attractive, and always Good Food! Lunches served from 11:30 until 1:00 P.M.*

## It's Your Service Flag, Too!

On the right wall of our auditorium is a service flag with eleven stars—each for a boy in the service. Yet hardly a week has passed without a notice of another graduate of our college having entered one of the women's organizations. Our service flag is not an attempt to enumerate the total contribution of our school to the war services. That would be an almost impossible task. Our alumnae are scattered over the country. We are able to keep in contact with only a part of the graduate organization and that only at intervals. Any tabulation from newspaper accounts would be insufficient, for many names would be overlooked. Therefore, the flag represents only the student body now in residence—only the students who have interrupted college activities to serve in the armed forces. But we are no less proud of you graduate soldiers and sailors because you cannot claim one of the eleven stars on the flag. Your star is there. We didn't put it there but you did. It doesn't show to the casual eye, but you know it's there and we know it's there. And that, after all, is what counts.

## IN THE MAIL

Fort Des Moines, Iowa

"As you can see, I have arrived. I was sworn into the W.A.A.C. on Jan. 16, and left Mass. for here on Jan. 30. The trip out was one for the records. We were supposed to have a pullman; instead it was one of the 1850 coaches, with nice, hard, green plush seats, out of water half of the time; and a field mess kitchen which provided us with food. It was not the most luxurious of accommodations, but we did have fun.

"All that first week, we were kept so busy no one had a chance to get lonesome nor homesick: drilling, lectures, shots, mess calls, scrubbing, cleaning, getting uniforms, and what-not. On the Saturday following we were moved to "Boom Town" where we take our basic training. "Boom Town" is the new part of the post that has been built since the W.A.A.C. took over. The routine here is as follows:

6:15 A.M.—Lights on  
6:30 —Reveille  
6:45 —Mess Call  
7-8 —Clean barracks  
8-11:30 —Classes and drill  
11:45 —Mess  
12-1 P.M.—Free (sometimes)  
1-4:30 —Classes and drill  
5:00 —Retreat  
5:30 —Mess  
9:30 —Lights out

Since I've been here I've already had K.P. details twice. Here it is assigned alphabetically and not because we have been misbehaving! To date, I have enjoyed every part

of the life—even the scrubbing woodwork, washing windows, mopping floors, etc. Right now I am in bed, nursing a cold—one of those that I used to get at S.T.C.—when I couldn't talk. The gals are all around talking, singing, hollering. So if this letter is disjointed, don't blame it all on me.

"Tell Dr. Shaw one of our classes is map reading, and I'm an A student. (No wonder, he taught me most of it years ago.)"

Sincerely,

BETTY BENEDICT  
A-115199 Co. 2, Regt. 3  
Army Post Branch  
Des Moines, Iowa

## Did You Hear This One?

The one about the little moron who put bird seeds in his shoes because he had pigeon toes.

\* \* \*

The one about the little moron who came home and said, "Gee, ma, I'm sure glad you named me Charlie, because all the kids in school call me that."

\* \* \*

Did you hear the one about the little moron who was walking down the street wearing one green sock and one red one. His friend met him and said, "Hey, you've got two-color socks on."

"Yeah," came the retort, "and I've got a pair just like these at home."

\* \* \*

The one about the newlywed who roasted her first turkey and proudly placed it on the table before her hubby.

"Oh, darling," he said, "you stuffed it, too?"

"Oh, no dear," she answered, "it wasn't hollow."

## BUY BONDS!

### Alumni in Military Services

#### WAVES

Miss Ruth Richards, '38, Worcester; Miss Frances Biadasz, '35, Webster; Miss Ruth F. Coburn, '35, Miss Mary T. Flynn, '39, and Miss Mary L. McDonald, '39, Worcester; Miss Louise Norbery, '35, Uxbridge.

#### SPARS

Mrs. J. Stanley Lloyd, the former Miss Edna Mae Smith, '39, Worcester; Miss Elizabeth Derby, '36, North Brookfield.

#### WAACS

Miss Marion Donaldson, '37, Worcester; Miss Mary Elizabeth Benedict, '37, Rutland.

## Thanks for the Organ

(Note: In the first issue of the ACORN, the following article appeared. We'd like to have you of the Alumnae read our reaction to it.)

Chapel exercises at W.S.T.C. have gained an added beauty and dignity. Senior Day, for instance, was greatly enhanced by the solemnly touching music of the organ as Seniors, newly garbed in cap and gown, marched down the center of the Auditorium to the tune of the College Hymn. The Alumni have brought something unusually beautiful into the lives of students and faculty at the college

by their gift of an organ, and we are deeply grateful.

The presentation of the organ was made on Saturday, October 24, 1942, at a reunion of graduates of the college. It was presented by Miss Madeline A. Wilmarth, president of the Graduates' Association, as a memorial to a dearly beloved principal of the early normal school, E. Harlow Russell, and the organ will be known by this name.

## REFRESHER COURSES IN PROGRESS AT S.T.C.

Would you like to refresh your teaching methods in preparation for substitute teaching during the emergency and this teacher shortage? Refresher courses are being given at S.T.C. for this purpose. Courses began on April 5th and will continue until June 4, 1943. Hours are from 9 A.M. until 3 P.M. Instructors are as follows: Reading Methods and Observation, Miss Foster; Arithmetic, Miss West; Language Spelling, Miss White; Geography, Dr. Shaw; History, Dr. Farnsworth; Psychology and Health of Children, Dr. Averill; Music, Miss Kendrick; Art, Miss Shaw.

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## 83 Days On a Raft

BY CELESTINE TERROY, '45

ED. NOTE: You no doubt have seen the emaciated faces of the three young men who were recently rescued after being afloat on a raft for 83 days. One of the survivors was a classmate of Celestine Terroy's and here she gives us a bit of the inside story.

Just for a moment think of being adrift in the middle of an ocean on a raft eighty-three days. It isn't a pleasant thought, and you undoubtedly want to dismiss it from your mind immediately, since such a harrowing experience would never happen to you! But now think of it happening to someone you know—someone from your high school class—someone who sat beside you when you were a freshman, and borrowed your ink. It still is a very unpleasant thought, but you can't dismiss this one from your mind quite so readily—because it is so horribly true.

The parents of Basil Izzi, Mr. and Mrs. Dominic Izzi of Barre, Mass., received word just before Thanksgiving, 1942, that their son was missing in action. Although there came no word of encouragement for nearly three months, Mrs. Izzi refused to believe that her son was dead, and it was only through deep and constant faith in prayer that she was able to continue her fervent belief.

On Feb. 14, 1943, Basil Izzi was notified by the Navy department that their son was "safe and in good health." They received no further information from the Navy department or from their son for over a week. The only information they were able to obtain was from the newspapers which had printed brief accounts of a harrowing experience in which death claimed two of a party of five sailors who were adrift at sea on a tiny life raft, the three survivors having been adrift for 83 days before being rescued by a warship off the coast of Brazil. One of these survivors was Basil Izzi! Word came to Mr. and Mrs. Izzi that Basil was in a hospital somewhere in Brazil recovering from the effects of terrible exposure, hunger, and thirst.

Then came the joyful day when the Izzi household received a three page letter written by Basil himself. He didn't say where he was, and the letter bore the out-of-country postmark, so there was no indication of his whereabouts until the newspapers reported that he was in a Brazilian hospital. In his letter Basil said he was getting along all right, and the fact that the letter was written in his own handwriting allayed his family's fears somewhat about his physical condition. His chief concern in this letter was for his mother who, he realized, had gone through a very trying experience.

In later letters Basil told that his ship, a United Nations freighter, was torpedoed November 2, 1942, off the coast of South America. Two torpedoes hit the ship, and it sank rapidly. Said Basil, "I jumped overboard.

For two days and nights I stayed afloat by holding to wreckage. Finally I sighted a raft with four men on it. They pulled me aboard. . . . The food lasted about 16 days, although our water supply lasted until the 25th day. . . . With the food gone, we started catching sharks, little fish, and birds. We got the first shark, about four feet long, with a lassoo. . . . The birds—I think we caught about 23 which alighted on the raft. . . . We prayed each evening and all day on Sundays."

One of the men died on the 66th day and another died on the 77th day; both were Americans. Their bodies were dropped into the sea while Basil and the two Dutch companions prayed.

Once the remaining group of three saw an airplane. On January 24, 1943, they sighted a convoy and signaled one of the vessels. Thus they were rescued on the 83rd day.

Basil was a member of the class of 1941 of Barre High School; he played on the varsity baseball team. He enlisted in the Navy in April, 1942, and at the time of his enlistment was employed by the Charles C. Allen Co. of Barre.

One of the most remarkable factors regarding Basil's adventures was that he as well as his mother never gave up hope of being saved "because I knew God was with me all the way."

### Who Knows?

BY BARBARA STEWART, '44

Who knows

What the days may say  
As what the nights may tell?  
Who knows  
What the months have told  
Or what the years may hold?  
Who knows  
What our future or destiny,  
Or what our life may be?  
Who knows?

## Student Council Builds Morale

The Council is still urging the school to do its part in morale-building by constant letter writing to our boys in service. The newest innovation can be credited to Miss Banigan who suggested the posting of sheets of paper to be filled in at random by diverse thoughts of students and faculty who pass by the bulletin board. We know these letters will prove of much interest to the boys because of their Round Robin nature.

The Council recently made a suggestion to the school which met with great delight and brought a unanimous vote of approval when a vote was taken. It suggested using the ninety dollars allotted by the Budget Committee for the New York trip which was cancelled this year for a radio-phonograph. This phonograph, which has already been purchased, is available for club meetings and social functions. And do we love it!

The Council is at present also busy with plans for a trip to the Blood Bank. S.T.C. students will go en masse some time in April. Some have done their bit already by donating to the cause.

## Classes at YW In Swimming

Great news for aquatic enthusiasts! Swimming classes have begun at the YWCA with an unexpected number at S.T.C. signing up for the 10 week swimming course. Classes are being held for both swimmers and beginners, and instruction will be given in (1) Learning to Swim (2) Improving Strokes (3) Learning to Dive and (4) Improving Diving. Classes meet every Wednesday from 4 to 4:45 and will continue for ten weeks. Miss Clark is one of the instructors.

Those taking the swimming instruction are: Mary Gannon, Helen Grogan, Isabelle Dun, Eva Salvuolo, Margaret Horan, Dorothy Drawbridge, Eleanor DeMille, Venice Withstandley, Doris Syverson, Barbara Stewart, Marie Kenary, Dorothy Holden, Claire George, Katharine Kane, Alice Syverson, Eleanor Kelliher, Virginia Sheahan, Virginia Palmer, Janet Marsh, Eleanor Wentworth, Marion McCann, Betty Holm, Joan Smith, Regina Labenski, Ruth Connolly, Frances Streeter, Ruth Laurel, Elizabeth Speckman, Mary Reeves, Winifred Rushford, Ruth Tucker, Barbara Tomolonius, Maureen Warner, and Hester Hanley.

### Ghosts of Words and Music

The Beethoven *Moonlight Sonata* depicts in marvelous tone quality the true mood of night, the unfathomable, the unknown, the unspoken. It might well be classified among the "songs without words." Perhaps composers

feel that listeners ought to contribute something when their works are being re-created in performance, even if the words are never recorded.

When Le Cercle Français, under the direction of Miss Marguerite C. McKelligett, formulated plans for a student assembly and decided upon the choral reading of Victor Hugo's *Les Djinns*, or the spirits of night, their plans were not finished. Since the reading was to be prepared for a non-French-speaking audience the question of suitable musical background to aid in the interpretation of the spirit of the poem, had to be considered. The *Moonlight Sonata* was found to be ideal. Moreover, Beethoven is beloved by the French, as is their own Victor Hugo.

You will recognize the music when you hear it in the future. As to the poem and French words—here is the final stanza of *Les Djinns* which you should never forget:

On doute  
La nuit . . .  
J'écoute:—  
Tout fuit,  
Tout passe;  
L'espace  
Efface  
Le bruit.

### The Literary Club

#### Reviews Current Fiction

At the March meeting of the Literary Club, Betty Driscoll, '43, read selections from *Legends of the Rhine*. Members then discussed the current books *Valley of Decision*, by Marcia Davenport, and *Guadalcanal Diary*, by Richard Tregaskis. Noel Coward's motion picture, *In Which We Serve*, was also reviewed by the club.

## Signs of S. T. C.

BY KATHARINE KANE, '45

It's S.T.C. with the music and the laughter emerging from the lounge . . . The sudden quietness and emptiness around the once noisy men's room . . . The open letters on the bulletin board table from S.T.C. men in the service . . . The crowds leaving for the movies every Friday afternoon after 3:30 . . . The sophomores rushing madly for the library and nearly knocking poor Miss Fitch over for the history readings on the day before the current exam with Dr. Winslow . . . The seniors looking very dignified and proud (also uncomfortable) in their gowns every Friday . . . The Junior Elementaries returning on Friday looking years older, and deeply concerned with problems of the "simply awful" younger generation . . . The anxious groups at the telephone before each dance waiting for the all-determining call from the all-important male . . . The crowd scanning the bulletin board for the latest news . . . The long lines waiting in the cafeteria on Fridays after assembly . . . The talking, laughing, and all 'round commotion when the sophomores are on their way to class . . . The sore and crippled students after calisthenics in gym . . . Mr. Jones' World Affairs students feverishly reading the N. Y. Times in an earnest and desperate effort to digest the "world situation" at a glance . . . The students sitting on the stairs leading to the library enjoying a brief respite before the awful plunge. . . .

### Cupid and the Class of '42

Cupid seems to have been the mascot of the class of '42 judging from the number of marriages and engagements of its members. Those bearing the title of Mrs. are Betty Bennett, Betty Brigham, and Muriel Haslam.

As for engagements, this reporter has writer's cramp from noting them. Add to the ever growing list the name of Helen J. Wisnieski of South Deerfield. She is engaged to Private Edward J. Donnis of Hatfield. Miss Wisnieski is at present teaching in Sunderland.

Our own Bob Fox has received an honor from his commanding officer. We always knew he was good!

HEADQUARTERS, THIRD BATTALION  
EIGHTH MARINES, REINFORCED  
IN THE FIELD

23 January 1943

From: The Commanding Officer.

To: PFC Robert W. Fox,  
344663, USMCR.

Subject: Commendation.

1. You are hereby most highly commended on the outstanding manner in which you performed your duties during the operation of this Battalion against the enemy at Guadalcanal, British Solomon Islands, on 14, 15, 16, January 1943.

2. The cool calm manner in which you so efficiently performed your duties was a very determining factor in the operation which terminated so successfully.

3. A copy of this letter will be placed in your service record book.

A. H. FRICKE

## Military Mutterings

(Continued from Page 1)

"As far as life up here is concerned all is fine and I have no complaints whatever, except that pay day is Sunday and I'm trying to budget about \$.60 from now till then. There is really no great difference in America and Canada, except that they act a little suspicious about us. We have to be perfect in all we do, so we can set an example for all Americans."—Paul Evans.

"I've met Commissioner Downey's son, James, here at camp. It was accidental. We were both waiting for 'phone calls. From all sources I've heard about the Service Flag at school, and let's hope that there'll never be any gold stars. In the past five months you've completed a school term, the Allies have a wide field in Africa, and here I am dead broke. What a life!"—John Melia.

"We are scheduled to graduate some time in March. If I graduate, I'll be entitled to fly one to four engine planes. During my athletic periods, I'm taking up the manly art of self-destruction (boxing). Self-portrait—black eye and bruised nose—well, anyway, possibilities!"—Ed McGee.

"The time I used to go to bed I now fall out to freeze slowly while roll call is made. I almost forgot to mention that the Army is so considerate, that we had all day Sunday off and Saturday nite too. But, Sat. morning we had three shots, which made us so sick that we spent the weekend in bed."—Dick Boy.

"Things are moving very quickly here. I've finished 13 days of basic training and have five more to go. When that time is up, I'll be forced to leave this sunny tropical region. I've been going to quite a few USO shows and dances. There is plenty of recreation here, but not enough time to take advantage of all the fun."—Hully.

"You mentioned the cold New England weather. Well, I'd a million times rather have that than this dry, electrified stuff they call air out here. It's so dry that at night when you turn over in your bed sparks of static electricity shoot from your fingers. This 'healthful' western air may help T.B. but it's awful stuff for drying your throat. But enough! Yon mess hall is spewing forth its fragrant aroma, so I must be off to the slop."—Fred Kelley.

"We were taken, to my surprise, to a hotel. Two new friends of mine and myself were given a beautiful room with three large single beds and private shower. When I woke up I thought I was dreaming, because there I was in one of the swankiest hotels in Miami Beach. After marching to and from, I realized these things were true and that I was not dreaming."—Elias Barsoum.

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